

Love at First Sight :  
O R, T H E  
*Wit of a* WOMAN.  
A B A L L A D  
O P E R A  
Of Two A C T S, By  
JOSEPH YARROW, *Comedian.*

---

*Oh Woman ! Woman ! Lovely Woman !  
Sure Nature made Thee to temper Man.  
We had been Brutes without You.  
Angels are painted fair to look like You.  
There's in You all that we believe of Heaven,  
Amazing Brightness, Purity and Truth,  
Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.*

OTWAY'S VEN. Preserv'd.

---

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in *Petergate.* M DCC XLII.

22



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TO THE  
Gentlemen *and* Ladies

IN  
YORKSHIRE,  
KINGSTON *upon* Hull,

And the TOWN of  
NEWCASTLE *upon* Tyne :

THIS  
OPERA,

*And the following* Sheets,

ARE HUMBL Y DEDICATED

*By Their Obedient*

*And most Humble Servant,*

Joseph Yarrow.



For the Gentlemen and Ladies

OF THE

KINGSTON

NEWCASTLE upon Tyne:

OF THE

And the following Sheets

ARE HEREBY DEDICATED

TO THEIR OBEDIENCE

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVICE

JOSEPH YARROW.





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# PROLOGUE

To be SPOKE in a  
CLOAK.

**P**ERHAPS few here remember in a Cloke,  
They ever heard there was a Prologue spoke  
But faith you need not wonder much about it ;  
For nothing now a-days is done without it.  
The crafty Statesman, with Insinuation,  
Who clamours at the Grievance of the Nation ;  
His Mouth b'ing stopt with Sugar-Sop Preferment,  
Which is allow'd to have a sovereign Charm in't,  
He casts the Patriot Garment over his Eyes,  
And then he sees no Harm in't.  
The Quack, that Torturer of Destiny,  
Who cures by Chance, and kills by Recipe ;  
His Bills with Acids, Alculies and Shams,  
Express'd by crabbed Ounces, Scruples, Drams ;  
I'll tell you the Meaning on't, if you'll ha' me,  
R. Ratsbane signifies, and P. pray pay me,  
Mas John the Phiz-Maker, with zealous Cant,  
Who wou'd even move a Rock of Adamant ;

If



## P R O L O G U E.

If you examine all that he has spoke,  
There's nothing in his - Oh - Lord -- but a Cloke.  
Nay, I my self am but an outside Cloke :  
D'you think I play for Pleasure? That's a Joke.  
Or plague my Head with Whims, or tragick Whining?  
No, Playing is the Cloke -- But -- Money is the Lining.  
This, in short, is the Subject of my Theme,  
That few Things really are as they do seem.  
Our Playing's bad, yet seems with Fancy fraught ;  
Or appears good --- yet really is stark nought.  
So where the scurvy Fault lies -- if you smoke it,  
Think it but Outside all -- and pray now -- Cloke it,



\*\*\*\*\*

## Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Design'd

BOASTWIT, *An old opinionated. Varro  
Country Gentleman.*

GAYFORD, *A Captain of, Baker  
Dragoons.*

FLASH, *His Man, a pert Fellow. Achur  
Corporal.*

Recruits.

W O M E N.

AURELIA, *Boastwit's Daughter, Whee  
in Love with Gayford.*

LIDDY, *Her Maid. Vandersluy*

\*\*\*\*\*



# Love at first Sight :

O R, T H E

# WIT of a WOMAN.

---

A C T I.

S C E N E, Boastwit's House.

*Enter Gayford and Flash.*

*Flash.* **W**ELL, Sir, does your Resolution hold of Riding out this Afternoon ?

*Gay.* No, I have some more particular Business keeps me at home.

*Flash.* May a Man presume to guess, Sir, without Offence !

*R*

*Gay.*



*Gay.* Yes, since it may possibly require a little of your Wit in the Management.

*Flash.* I'm confirm'd, Sir, you have entertain'd some kind Thoughts of the Old Gentleman's Daughter, Mrs. *Aurelia* : I have observ'd the amorous Glances as you've sat at Dinner : How you have shot Fire at her from your Eyes ; gaz'd on her 'till you've forgot what you were about ; given Answers as if you had been playing at cross Questions, and cut your Fingers instead of your Meat ; call'd for Beer, and drank just in the same Place of the Cup that she did.

A I R I. VALENTINE's Day in a Morning.

*How silly a Mortal's a Lover !*

*What odd foolish Things must he do,  
The Warmth of his Flame to discover,  
And prove that his Passion is true ?*

*For Women, capricious by Nature,*

*In Love, of no Reason will hear :*

*They torment and perplex the poor Creature,*

*To act the wild Pranks of Despair.*

*Gay.*

*Gay.* Thou hast a penetrating Judgment, I find ; and dost convince me I'm in Love : But is it not very strange I have been here this Fortnight, and can't converse with her, but by Signs ?

*Flash.* 'Twill be difficult, Sir, to get an Opportunity : Her Father has had a strict Eye over her ever since you've been in the House. I have had some Talk with her Maid (with whom and me there is some Familiarity) and she says she has ventur'd to commend you to her Lady without offending her.

[ *Aurelia crosses the Stage.* ]

*Gay.* That may be of Service. Ha ! see where she goes cross the Hall : I'll follow and speak to her. Hark ye, *Flash*, do you wait hereabouts ; and if the old Gentleman comes this Way, be diligent. Amuse him some how, while I make use of this Opportunity.

[ *Exit Gayford.* ]

*Flash.* That is to say, banter the old Fellow, while I make Love to his Daughter. A mighty sincere Way of proceeding, truly ! But so it is, we Wits (for I

B 2

must

must have the Vanity to think my self one) generally meet with fuller Pur-ses than our own to find us Em-ployment. And Thanks to the Exam-ples of the World, I am not the first Politician who has carried Brains for his Master.

A I R II. THOMAS, I cannot.

*Tho' Invention be wanting, if Money's your  
( Friend,*

*Your Business is easily done :*

*For Lucre Ten Thousand wou'd on you  
( attend,*

*And through all servile Offices run :*

*If Gold be in View,*

*They'll swear to be true ;*

*And will all your Desires observe :*

*But if your Purse fail,*

*Never hope to prevail ;*

*For 'tis That, and not you, whom they  
( serve.*

Odso, the old Gentleman ! Now must I put on a wonderful grave Face, and talk Nonsense very circumspectly.

Enter



*Enter Boastwit.*

Your Worship's most humble Servant.

*Boast.* O ! Mr. *Flash* ! how d' ye ?  
how d' ye ? Where's your Master ?

*Flash.* I believe he's walk'd into the  
Garden to take the Air, Sir.

*Boast.* Very well, very well : I am  
going to speak to my Daughter ; and  
then tell him I shall be at his Service.

[ *Going.*

*Flash.* [ *BOWING.* ] Your Worship has  
the Reputation of the wisest, worthiest,  
best Gentleman in these Parts. Pray,  
Sir, does your Worship think there's  
any likelihood of a Peace between the  
*Turks* and the *Russians* ?

*Boast.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! *Turks* and *Rus-*  
*sians* ! What have you or I to do  
with either ?

*Flash.* Your Worship will pardon my  
Curiosity ; for you are all Goodness. I  
was just thinking the *Paterre* at the End  
of your Worship's Garden was the beau-  
tifullest Thing I ever saw of the Kind.

*Boast.*

*Boast.* What a Digression is here, from the *Turks* and *Russians* to the *Paterre* in my Garden !

*Flash.* I hope your Worship will forgive me. I have never had an Opportunity to thank your Worship for my generous Entertainment here.

*Boast.* Thou'rt welcome, thou'rt welcome. *Flash,* say no more on't. Go to the Butler, and get a Glass of Wine after thy Dinner.

*Flash.* The spreading Branches of your Worship's Generosity overshadow the humble Soil of my Gratitude. But if I thought I should not be too bold, I would desire one Favour of your Worship.

*Boast.* Hey ! what is it ? Speak, Man ?

*Flash.* Your Worship is abundantly too good to pardon this Intrusion : But I dare not lay so great an Obligation to my Capacity ; which, added to other Favours, will wholly deprive me of the Power to make your Worship a Return.

*Boast*

*Boast.* Prithee, have done with this Preamble ; and tell me what thou'ast to say ; I'm in haste.

*Flash.* Your Worship's humble Servant. I dare hardly be so bold, tho' I rely much on your Worship's Goodness. May I presume to ask how long your Worship's Lady has been dead ?

*Boast.* How long my Worship's Lady has been dead ! Did ever one hear the like ? I took him for a Fellow of good tolerable Sense.

*Flash.* I was afraid I should kindle your Worship's Anger at the Candle of my Ignorance : But I hope your Worship's singular Discretion will extinguish the Snuff of Impertinence.

*Boast.* Zooks ! the poor Fellow's mad ; he has been reading some vile Poetry ; sucked in the Venom of some unrighteous Play-Books ; and quite poysoned his Understanding.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord *Mansion's* Steward is going, and desires to take leave of you.



*Boast.* Odsso ! I had forgot him : I must go send my humble Service to my Lord.

[ *Ex. Boastwit and Servant,*  
FLASH alone.

*Flash.* This was lucky : For, in short, my Assurance and Fund of Invention were both near exhausted. However, tho' this old Gentleman fancy himself very wise, I don't doubt, since we are in for it, but those two Qualifications will gain our Point, spite of his Care.

A I R III. We've cheated the Parson.

*By Impudence what mighty Things are*  
( *obtain'd,*

*Which no Rhetorick without it could ever*  
( *have gain'd :*

*Look around into every Condition and*  
( *State,*

*You'll find 'tis the readiest Road to be*  
( *Great :*

*And as Money 'tis true,*  
*Is my principal View,*

*Gain it I must their Example pursue.*

Exit FLASH.

*Enter*

*Enter Aurelia and Gayford after her.*

*Aur.* Either I love this young Soldier, or my being debarr'd the Liberty of his Conversation makes me covet it strangely : I've been close Prisoner ever since he came into the House, and never have seen him but at Meal Times ; and yet Restraint does not lessen my Concern for him.

A I R IV. Glide swiftly on.

*Dear CUPID, thy Assistance lend,  
And ease my anxious Heart ;  
A sympathetick Passion send,  
And wound him with thy Dart.*

Ha ! he follows me. This does not displease me at all.

*Gay.* Pardon me, Madam, I have presumed on your Solitude. I'm come to sollicit you in an Act of Mercy ; 'tis the Release of a Prisoner confined at your Suit

C

*Aur.*

[ 10 ]

*Aur.* At mine, Sir ! The Gentleman must have Recourte to the Law then.

*Gay.* 'Twou'd be more Charity, Madam, to allow him Articles of Composition, since he fairly confesses the Debt, and humbly sues for Favour.

*Aur.* Oh ! no Compounding without Advice of Council, Sir. But pray what melancholy unfortunate Person is this ? For I'm an utter Stranger to all Affairs of that Nature.

*Gay.* My Concern, Madam, speaks a near Friend of mine.

[ Sighs.

A I R V. T W E E D Side.

*When hot Rays o'er a Flower extend,  
It droops and seems dead for a Time,  
'Till Refreshment of Showers descend,  
It revives, and looks still in its Prime ;  
So I, by Love's Anguish oppress'd,  
When struggling Cares did arise,  
Relieve the sad Pain of my Breast,  
And display the bright Sun of your  
( Eyes.*

*Aur.*



[ II ]

*Aur.* Your Heart ! I've had 'some such foolish Imagination in my Head from your Behaviour. However, Sir, if it will acquit me of further Trouble, I willingly release the Prisoner you speak of.

*Gay.* Only the Trouble of receiving the Incumbrance you have on it, Madam ; Love is a kind of an honest Dealer, and will pay as far as 'tis able.

*Aur.* I'd rather, methinks, Sir, this Suit were fairly dropt between us ; or, if I should be persuaded to proceed, how should I be assured you won't make use of false Evidence ?

*Gay.* By your being Judge in your own Cause, Madam ; and, I hope, if I have your own Voice for it, you'll allow my Claim to be just. Ha ! I hear the old Gentleman ; I must withdraw.

*Aur.* Well, Sir, I'm without Hopes of having Time to decide this Matter now ; but I'll take it into Consideration, some other Time you may expect my Answer.  
Your Servant, Sir.

A I R VI. *Last of St. Olyth.*

O Charmer, bear my Moan,  
My Boon do not deny ;  
If you'll not be my Own,  
Your Martyr I must die :  
Remember that my Love,  
To you was ever true ;  
I can't my Passion move,  
'Tis fix't 'till Death on you.

If you my Life will save,  
Receive me in your Arms ;  
Or sink me in my Grave,  
A Victim to your Charms :  
And when I'm dead and gone,  
Let this then be your Guide ;  
Engrave it on my Tomb,  
For you I liv'd and dy'd.

*Exit Gayford.*

*Aur.* A pretty Fellow, pray Cupid I  
ben't down right in Love with him.

[ *Enter Boastwit.* ]

My Father here ! What comes into my  
Head ?

*Boast.*

*Boast.* Daughter, I was coming to talk to you.

*Aur.* My Duty, Sir, was just bringing me to you to impart a Thing of Moment to you.

*Boast.* Ha ! what is it ?

*Aur.* You have entertained a young Gentleman an Officer in your House.

*Boast.* I have so — well — what of him ?

*Aur.* Pray hear me patiently Sir : I can't tell how my Conduct privileg'd him, but he has had the Confidence to make Love to me.

*Boast.* What is't I hear ? Oh Ingratitude ! he shan't stay an Hour longer in my House ; not a Moment longer.

*Aur.* Don't discover this sudden Passion, Sir ; but seem to take little Notice of it 'till you find an Opportunity to get rid of him handsomely ; especially since my Duty has prevented all Danger.

*Boast.* No, no, no, he shall go, I say ; he shall march, Bag and Baggage, I am wise Daughter ; very wise, and won't be over-reach'd ; the antient Family of the *Boast-wits* never was over-reach'd. He is a dangerous Fellow, and may compass his Ends



one Time or other, if he has such Thoughts in his Head. There are Things call'd Charms, Bribes, and Love-Powder ; therefore he shall go, I say ; he shall march.

*Aur.* Consider, Sir, he's a Gentleman, a Soldier, and may resent such Indignity.

*Boast.* Why then, I'll be wise still, Daughter ; like a prudent Monarch, I'll keep the War out of my own Dominions ; he shan't invade me at home. I respect the Cloth as much as any Man ; but I don't care to be plundered by them.

*Aur.* But such a rash Proceeding, Sir, may give People Room to censure me.

*Boast.* I don't care, I tell you ; I don't care, I shan't be safe, while he makes his Campaign hereabouts : But he shall strike his Tents, and march immediately from hence ; and so I'll this Moment tell him. Make Love to my Daughter !

*Exit Boastwit.*

AURELIA *sola.*

*Aur.* So ! I have purchas'd my Liberty by this Stratagem ; but have lost  
the

the Use I intended to make of it. However 't has freed me from Suspicion ; and that's one Step in my Design.

A I R VII. De'el take the Wars.

*Thus when the Sea is in an Agitation,  
Toss'd too and fro by the wav'ring Wind,  
It much resembles my present Situation,  
And the Concern of my anxious Mind :  
Grant that the watchful Lover,  
May my Designs discover,  
And with all his Diligence attempt to set  
( me free ;*

*If Fate auspicious prove,  
And crown our mutual Love ;  
Inspir'd by soft Alarms,  
I'll fly into his Arms,  
'And none, none so happy then can be as me.*

[ Exit AURELIA.

*Enter Flash with a Cloak Bag, Gayford  
beating him. Scene a Grove.*

*Gay. Sirrah, I'll make you sensible of  
your Fault, and beat you 'till you tell  
Truth.*

*Flash*

*Flash.* Alas, Sir ! I'm sensible 'tis for telling Truth, which you've fairly recorded on my Shoulders ; but, if I had known your Mind, I could have told you a swinging Lie, or Two ; that the old Gentleman is infinitely well pleased you have a Passion for his Daughter ; that your Mistress is a very kind faithful Lady, and took great Pains to conceal your Design from her Father ; and that all this came about by the Wheel of Fortune ; or, if you please, Sir, you may believe that I discovered it ——— But really, Sir ———

*Gay.* No, I'm a Coxcomb, a vain Ass, that could hope to succeed there ; had she receiv'd me coldly, I should have been less out of Countenance ; but to discover it to her Father ! looks so disdainfully, it shocks me. Then here's a Rogue too adds to the Story, that I'm forbid the House.

*Flash.* Sir, I but publish the Truth ; and if you don't believe me, here comes the old Man to satisfy you.

*Enter*



*Enter Boastwit.*

*Boast.* Your Servant, your Servant, Captain.

*Gay.* Your humble Servant, Sir.

*Boast.* No, Sir, you are my Daughter's humble Servant, I protest I wonder how she could refuse so well built a young Man ; I'm afraid she reveal'd it to me to dissemble her liking ; ha ! ha ! ha ! Harkee, Sir, have not I used you civilly, and entertain'd you like a Gentleman in my House ? Ha !

*Gay.* Yes, Sir, you have laid greater Obligations on me than my humble Thanks can pay.

*Boast.* Very well Sir ; very well ! And you in Return would steal away my Daughter ! Now did you really design me the Honour to become my Son in Law ?

*Gay.* I must confess, I did, Sir.

*Boast.* Sir, your most humble Servant ; the Honour was too great, I do assure you. But pray, Sir, since we are enter'd into Conference about this Affair, what Estate may you have ?

D

*Gay.*

*Gay.* I'm a younger Brother, and have no Estate but my Honour.

*Boast.* Better and better, frank and honest! Pray, what Fortune might you expect with my Daughter?

*Gay.* Ten Thousand Pounds.

*Boast.* Hum! And what Jointure do you design to make her?

*Gay.* My Love,

*Boast.* No, I dont like that! there are too many starve on that Jointure already: Now I'll warrant she, like a perverse covetous Baggage, expects a Settlement equal to her Fortune. The Girl comes of a wise Generation; 'tis not in the Fate of the Boastwits to be over reach'd.

*Gay.* Well, Sir, I confess my Error, and want of Merit to deserve her, and shall give you no farther trouble.

*Boast.* Why, that's well said. Here I had forgot too, she has sent you back the Letter you bribed her Maid to deliver. That is a Copy of it; she keeps the Original, least you should have the Confidence to deny what you've done. Let me see, let me see --- " I  
" expect

" expect you will be surpriz'd " — and so forth, *Gayford*. Ay, this is it ; there Sir ! Your Servant, your Servant.

[ *Exit* Boastwit.

*Gay*. The Letter, I brib'd her Maid to deliver ! What Mystery's this ! I sent no Letter. A Woman's Hand ! By *Cupid*, it must be her own.

*Flash*. Read it, read it, Sir : I don't rightly comprehend the Matter ; but I have some pleasing Ideas about it.

*Gay*. [READS.] " I expect you will  
" be surpriz'd at this Proceeding ; in  
" which, I confess, you may think me  
" to blame : But if Love be what 'tis  
" feign'd to be, from the Merit of a  
" sincere Passion, there still may be Hopes  
" for the assiduous *Gayford*." 'Tis so ; she has certainly amused her Father out of Policy ; and sent this to excuse herself, and undeceive me. Dear, kind Creature ! I'd give all I'm worth to be satisfy'd.

*Flash*. Say you so, Sir ? Come, advance for Encouragement : I'll hazard, tho' it be a Drubbing ; and I'd rather



my Fate depended on any thing than a Woman's Constancy.

*Gay* There, there are five Guineas : I'll make 'em Ten if we succeed.

*Flash*. A handsome retaining Fee ! Five more you say, Sir ! Remember your Promise. Let me think a little--- Oh ! I have it--- Pray, Sir, do you go and get your Letter ready, while I prepare my self for this Exploit.

[ *Exit Flash*.

*Gay*. Shine but auspicious on me, Fortune ! I have no more to ask.

A I R VIII. CHLOE be kind.

*Great God of Love ! my Ardour cherish !*

*Grant that my Hopes successful prove !*

*Let not so true a Passion perish,*

*But crown with Joy my constant Love.*

[ *Exit GAY*.

*Enter Aurelia and Liddy*.

*Aur*. Well, *Liddy*, I shall marry this Man when all's done.

*Lid* You had better marry him, Madam, before all's done : But, methinks,  
after

after what you've done, 'tis odd to talk on't.

*Aur.* O ! thou'rt a silly Girl, and can't not penetrate into the Fallacy of the World. I tell thee every thing I have acted has advanced the Business ; for while my Father does not suspect me, I shan't want Opportunities to bring my Designs about with my Lover.

*Lid.* I fear you'll find it difficult, Madam ; for your Father's very cautious, and examines strictly who comes and goes.

*Aur.* So much the better ; he'll be the easier deceiv'd. I'll try the Wit of a Woman for once : I tell thee, Girl, I do love this handsome young Soldier, and must and will have him. Nay, and what seems most strange to you, my Father himself shall tell him so ; the very *how, where* and *when* he shall have me.

*Lid.* Nay, Madam, you have surpass'd my little Wit already.

*Aur.* Aye, aye, thou'rt a shallow Creature. Come, sing your last new Song ; every Thing is pleasing now that has the Sound of Love in it.

A I R

A I R IX. A new Tune.

*Love is a pretty, pretty Thing ;  
A little God ; a little King ;  
Soft and easy are his Chains,  
All is blest where CUPID reigns.*

*JESSINDA, tho' she cruel be,  
Nor let's my Passion move her :  
I dare not wish my Heart were free,  
It is so sweet to love her.*

*Enter Boastwit and Flash disguised.*

*Boast.* Here, Daughter, Mr. Cockbrain has sent you a Present by this honest Fellow.

*Flash.* My Landlord, Madam, gives his humble Service to you ; and has sent you some young Pheasants and Partridges.

*Aur.* Take them, Liddy, and carry them to the Cook.

*[ Exit Liddy, and returns.*

*Flash.* Madam, Madam !

*[ Shews a Letter.*

*Boast.* Well, and how does Mr. Cockbrain, Friend ? Ha !

*last*



*Flash.* Thank your Worship ; I left him well ; he was going a hunting. Madam, Madam. [ *Aside.* ]

*Boast.* A hunting ! Why, I thought he had been laid up with the Gout.

*Flash.* 'Sbud, I shall betray my self. He has been bad, Sir ; but he's mended : Madam, Madam ! [ *Aside.* ]

[ *Aurelia takes the Letter.* ]

*Aur.* Ha ! what does this mean ? O' my Life 'tis *Gayford's* Man ! How I admire him for his Contrivance ! [ *Opens the Letter.* ] I find he has conceiv'd me right. ---- Now for one Stratagem more. I am amaz'd ! What's here ? *Gayford* !

*Flash.* What a Plague does she mean now ?

*Aur.* See, Sir ! if this confident Man has not had the Presumption to send me a Letter, notwithstanding what has been said to him !

*Flash.* Ha ! 'Death she has discover'd all again !

*Boast.* I'm astonish'd at his Impudence !

*Flash.*

*Flash.* So am I too. 'Sbud, would I could get into my Basket, and carry my self away ! Dear kind Creature, with a duce ! Wou'd I were out of her dear kind Hands.

*Boast.* Hark ye, Sirrah, Sirrah, Sirrah ! How came you by this Letter ?

*Aur.* Come by it, Sir ! Why, 'tis his own Man.

*Boast.* Hay !

[ *Looking at Flash.*

*Flash.* A Devil of her Tongue ----- Would she'd be speechless an Hour or two : I'm in a fine Pickle.

*Boast.* O devilish Rogue ! Sirrah, I'll have you carbonaded with a Coach Whip, and pickled after it : I will so.

*Aur.* No, pray, Sir, let me beg his Pardon ; without doubt his Master has commanded him to't. But pray tell your Master he's mistaken in me all this while ; I'm not the Woman he takes me for.

*Boast.* Aye, go, Sirrah, and tell him he's an impudent Fellow ; go, get  
you

you gone, you Rogue, and thank my Daughter.

[ Exit Flash.

*Aur.* I thought, Sir, he had told you he would desist in his foolish Purpose, and give me no further Trouble.

*Boast.* Why, I protest so he said; but there's no Belief in Man. Well, 'tis a wicked lying World we live in; a confident Age !

A I R X. LONDON is a fine Town.

*Oh ! Lying's such a Fashion grown  
Among all Sorts of Men,*

*Collect the Words of all the Town,  
There's scarce one true in ten :*

*For Lawyers, Cits, nay Dapper Wits,  
In this Point all agree ;*

*One lies by Priviledge of Trade,  
And t'other for his Fee.*

E

*Aur.*



*Aur.* I must confess Sir, I never knew such Assurance But I hope, Sir, my Conduct in this Affair, has given you an entire Satisfaction of my Duty.

*Boast.* It has so, my *Aurelia* ; and I will repose such Confidence in thee, thou shalt keep the Writings of thy Fortune in thy own Hand ; thy Uncle's Will, and the Deed of Settlement that gives thee 4000 Pounds at the Day of Marriage. There, take my Keys, and lock 'em up in thy own Cabinet ; thou do'st inherit the ancient Wit of thy Family ; the *Boastwits* have been wise for many Generations.

*Aur.* So, this is half my Purpose effected, now to improve it ; nay, Sir, this is not all that confident Man attempted ; he has been so bold as send me Word he would be ready with a Friend or two, at Candle-Light this Evening, to receive me from the Parlour Window over the Garden, and convey me from my jealous Ey'd Father.

*Boast.*

*Boast.* Oh ! unparalell'd Impudence !  
Was ever the like heard !

*Aur.* I can't tell how slightly you  
may think of it, Sir ; but you can't ima-  
gine how much I lay it to Heart.

*Boast.* I do believe thee, poor Girl !  
how tender she is of her Duty ! but pri-  
thee don't grieve, don't fret thy self a-  
bout it, it ; let me alone I'll rattle him  
off.

*Aur.* Do, Sir, and tell him from me,  
that if he offer to come there, he shan't  
fail to be met with.

*Boast.* I'll warrant thee, I'll give it  
him home ; but prithee don't venture  
thy self abroad while he remains here-  
abouts. Leave it to me, I'll try who has  
most Wit he, or I.--Jealous Ey'd Father !  
A Dog, I shall see him hang'd.

*Exit Boastwit.*

*Aur.* Well, I warrant you wonder at  
this too ?

*Lid.* Yes by my Troth Madam, I'm  
half astonish'd.

*Aur.* Go, you Idiot ; is not this better than being lock'd up ? Besides, have I not by this Stratagem got Possession of my own Fortune ? which is above half the Business effected.

*Lid.* I must confess, Madam, I begin to have a Guess at your Meaning ; but what could you design, Madam, by the Story of the Parlour Window ?

*Aur.* Thour't a shallow Wench, I find, why, the Design is, that if he has but half the Apprehension I hope for, he'll know my Meaning by it, and come at the Time and Place appointed.

*Lid.* What then, Madam ?

*Aur.* Why then, Fool, I'll venture all to go along with him. And now you understand me, I hope !

A I R XI. The Twitcher.

*If my Gayford prove true,*

*Then Father adieu,*

*To your Locks and Restraint there's an*  
*For what Woman can bear [End, Sir ;*

*The dark State of Despair,*

*When a blooming young Lover attends*  
*[ her, &c.*

*Lid,*



*Lid.* But, dear Madam, I hope you won't leave me behind you.

*Aur.* That would be a terrible Thing indeed. Come along, Girl.

Men to rule over us can ne'er be fit,  
Since I'll soon prove we Women have  
(most Wit.



**ACT**



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Gayford, singing.*

A I R XII. Young PHILORET.

*WHAT can this charming,  
To Love alarming,  
False Inconstant mean ?  
She kindles up the Fire, of soft Desire,  
Then quenches it again :  
Thus when the Air, serene and fair,  
Fresh Warmth and Vigour gives ;  
'Till Clouds arise, obscure the Skies,  
Our Soul the Change receives.*

All my Spring Tide of Hopes sunk  
again, even to an Ebb of Despair !  
What can this dear charming fickle  
Woman mean ? A perfect *April Day*,  
when a Man may as soon guess at the  
Weather, as at her Humour : First to  
encourage

encourage my Address, and then reveal it to her Father ; next to impose this Scroul on him to excuse herself ; and now to reveal my Letter, is what I have not Cunning enough to comprehend.

*Enter Boastwit.*

*Boast.* So, Sir, your Servant, your Servant, Captain. Hark you, Sir, are you not a very impudent Fellow ? Ha !

*Gay.* What you please, Sir.

*Boast.* What I please, Sir ! --- I am not pleased ; nor shan't be pleased. I say, Sir, you are a very impudent Person.

*Gay.* Your humble Servant, Sir.

*Boast.* Zoons, Sir, a Rush for your Service : I want none of your Service ; nor my Daughter neither, Sir. --- Did not you tell me you were convinc'd of your Error, and would desist in your Purpose ; and I don't know what idle Stuff besides ?

*Gay.* Tis possible I might, Sir.

*Boast.*



*Boast.* Is it so, Sir ? And is it not possible for one of you young Fellows to keep your Words ? Must every Body be treated like your Taylor and your Sempstress ?

A I R XIII. Ladies of LONDON.

*Young Fellows of late,  
Are so impudent grown ;  
They regard neither  
Honour nor Conscience :  
For after they've cheated  
And bubbled the Town,  
Their Debts they repay  
With bald Nonsense :  
They lie and they swear  
To put off the ill Day,  
And protest that their  
Rents are not due, Sir ;  
But if the Year round  
You should wait for your Pay,  
Nor one Word would you find  
They tell true, Sir.*

But come, thou'rt a pretty Fellow ; don't  
be an Ass ; I tell you, 'tis a perverse  
Baggage,

Baggage, and won't be caught; my own Child to a Hair; a right *Boastmit* ! Pristhee don't cudgel thy Brains any more about her.

*Gay*. I believe I shall take your Counsel, Sir.

*Boast*. Why ay, do, she won't be stole, Sir; the Parlour Window won't do; it really won't, Captain; and yet it was a well laid Plot. Subtle Rogue! this Evening at Candle-light, with a Friend or two, ready to receive her. Was't not so, Captain? Ha, you cunning Toad you.

*Gay*. Ha, by all that's charming some Plot of her's. [ *Aside*.

*Boast*. Nay, don't be surpriz'd at the Discovery; but try her, try her; she bid me tell you, you shan't fail to be met with, --- ne'er fear, she'll leap into your Arms, and run away from her jealous ey'd Father.

*Gay*. By VENUS 'tis so! O the Subtlety of Woman! Hold, let me not forget the Parlour Window over the Garden at Candle-light.

[ *Aside*.  
*Boast*.

*Boast.* Poor Fellow, he has some Grace,  
I find, he blushes at it ; 'tis pity to  
teize him any longer ; well, Captain, shall  
I tell my Daughter you'll be punctual ?  
Poor Girl ! she'll impatiently expect you.

*Gay.* Pray tell her, Sir, I have been  
apt to put a wrong Construction on her  
Actions ; but now I'm better convinc'd,  
and will certainly observe her kind Re-  
monstrance.

*Boast.* Why, that's well said ; be sure  
you do then : I'll tell her what you  
say ; poor Fellow, marry my Daughter !

*Exit Boastwit!*

*Enter Flash.*

*Flash.* Well, Sir, what News ? I saw  
the old Gentleman go from you.

*Gay.* Conquest and Joy, Sirrah ! She's  
my own, Methinks I have have her in  
my longing Arms, soft as my Sighs, and  
wanton as my Wishes.

AIR XIV. Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods

*How sweet the Charms of Love,  
That do my Transports move,  
While folded in her Arms,*

*No*



No Danger me alarms,  
 But the Height of Bliss I prove ;  
 To find the lovely Fair,  
 Who long has been my Care,  
 Prove kind and true at last.  
 ( Since Doubts can't annoy )  
 Gives me Extacy of Joy,  
 My Senses do employ,  
 And totally destroy  
 The Thoughts of Sorrows past.

This Evening at Candlelight she bids me  
 be ready to receive her from the Parlour  
 Window over the Garden, to convey her  
 from her jealous ey'd Father.

*Flash.* Faith, Sir, I have so lately  
 escap'd a Cudgelling in this Affair, that  
 you must pardon me, if I don't give  
 that Credit to this Relation that it may  
 possibly deserve.

*Gay.* Nay, the more to confirm, she  
 sends me Word, she won't fail to meet  
 me, and will impatiently expect me.

*Flash.* Yes, Sir, and discover it to her  
 Father, who won't fail to salute you  
 with a Blunderbuss, to return the Ci-  
 vility of your Visit. Women are very  
 mysterious, Sir.

AIR XV. Molly Mog.

*If you trust your Repose in a Woman,  
I make my self sure you're deceiv'd :  
For they keep their Promise with no Man,  
If Experience can be but believ'd.  
If you will on this Frolick command me,  
By my Duty I'm forc'd to obey ;  
I'll try if my Courage will stand me,  
But faith, Sir, I'd much rather stay.*

*Gay.* Then I may suppose, Sir, you won't venture your sweet Person in this Enterprize with me.

*Flash.* Faith, Sir, I am loath to stick out where there is any Honour to be got ; but I have no great Opinion of Success in the Matter.

*Gay.* Well, Sir, you may use your Pleasure ; but where are the Corporal and the Recruits ? they'll be of Service to me.

*Flash.* They are drinking below Stairs, Sir.

*Gay.* Let 'em have Liquor to encourage them, and keep them together 'till you receive Orders from me.

*Flash.*

*Flask.* I shall, Sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Aurelia and Liddy meeting.*

*Aur.* Well, *Liddy*, is every thing in Readiness ?

*Lid.* All, Madam, secretly convey'd into the Parlour Closet ; and the Garden Door left a-jarr for him.

*Aur.* That's well ; if he does but come now, ( as certainly he will, if my wife Father has given him the Hint ) farewell Solitude and Fetters, and welcome Love and Liberty. Here, Girl, go put these Writings with the other Things ; and set the Parlour Window open for a Signal. Away, here's my Father.

*Lid.* I will, Madam.

*Exit Liddy.*

*Enter Boastwit.*

*Aur.* Well, Sir, have you seen this confident Man ?

*Boast.* Ay, ay, I have lectur'd him off, Girl : I have given it him home ; he'll ne'er trouble thee again, I believe.

*Aur.* I hope you'll be mistaken tho !  
[ *Aside* ] And did you tell him, Sir, of his Assurance to offer to steal me away ?

*Boast.*



*Boast.* I did. Odd ! I would you had heard how I banter'd the poor Rogue. Hark you, says I, Captain, Captain, the Parlour Window at Candle-light won't do ; it won't, Sir ; it really won't ; and yet I bid him try ; for, says I again, she bid me tell you, if you came you shan't fail to be met with. I rallied him to Death. Odd ! when I set my self to it, I defy any Body to be wiser or cunninger than me.

AIR. XVI. Of a noble Race was *Shenkin*.

*A Boastwit in this World, Sir,*

*Ne'er once was yet deceiv'd ;*

*For by our Wit*

*All Men are bit,*

*If I may be believ'd. With fal, lal, &c.*

*Aur.* And was not he asham'd of himself ? An audacious Man !

*Boast.* Yes, hang him, poor Devil ! he look'd very foolish on't, that's the Truth on't. Odd I pitied him, and could not find in my Heart to tease him any longer.

*Aur.* Could he say nothing for himself ?

*Boast.*

*Boast.* Very little, very little, poor Fellow ! He bid me tell you, he had made a wrong Construction of your Actions ; but was now better convinc'd than ever, and would certainly observe what I had deliver'd.

*Aur.* So then, he apprehends me, I find : I hope, Sir, what you have said to him has been sufficient to let him know my Thoughts ; for I'll assure you I am very uneasy 'till I am satisfy'd.

*Boast.* Prithee don't be troubled, Child. Troth, I believe the poor Fellow will mind what's said to him for his good ; but if he rather chuse some Limpid Horse-Pond, or verdant Oak, to speak in the Lover's Stile, e'en let him have his Will. — Odso ! I had forgot to Night, being Holy-day-night, I promised the Servants a Fiddle, and leave to dance. You'll let your Maid be one, I hope.

*Aur.* Yes, Sir, she shall but just help me with my Night Cloaths, and I'll send her to them.

*Exeunt Aur. and Liddy.*

*Boast.* Do, so, do so, I love to encourage this Mirth, provided it be harmless.  
Would

Would this devilish Fellow were at  
*hiop* for me, he has so disordered my  
Family. *Exit Boastwit.*

*Enter Gayford and the Recruits.*

*Gay.* The Candles are lighting in the  
House; 'tis now the Time: I have tried the  
Garden-Gate, and 'tis open; that's a good  
*Omen*; and I have placed my trusty  
Centinel at the Corner of the Wall for  
fear of a Surprise. Hark you, if any  
Body falls in your Way, make 'em Prison-  
ers of War, that they mayn't alarm the  
Enemy. Come along, Gentlemen.

[ *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Boastwit and Servants.*

*Boast.* So, I am for reviving the an-  
tient Custom of our Country, when Men  
of Estates encouraged Mirth and Hospi-  
tality in their Families. Come, *James*,  
sing me my favourite Song, then I'll see  
*Jack* dance his Hornpipe, and so leave  
you to your Diversions. Give me a  
Chair.

*Serv.* A I R XVII. Black Joke.  
*Gallants they may talk of London Town,  
And jaunting in Coaches, and Chairs up  
[and down,  
Te*



To Opera, Ball, and Masquerade ;  
 I doubt those People must have little Wit,  
 Whose Taste so polite no Enjoyments can hit,  
 Unless by th' Indulgence of Idleness sway'd.  
 Recreations more sweet

Sure the Country can bring,  
 When the Birds and the Flowers  
 Salute the fresh Spring :  
 Nay, at Night when Work's done,  
 We with Pleasure can dance ;  
 And as warmly as they  
 We can lovingly glance,  
 When we fix our Delight  
 On a blooming fresh Maid.

[ After the Song, Smith's Hornpipe. ]

Enter another Servant.

Serv. O ! Sir, Sir !

Boast. Ha ! ---- Why, what's the  
 Matter ?

Serv. I want Breath to tell you ; my  
 young Mistress, Sir ! my young Mi-  
 stress ! ----

Boast. My Daughter ! speak quickly,  
 Sirrah, speak.

Serv. O Sir, as I was going into the  
 Garden, to get the Cook a little Parsley,

G

I saw

I saw three or four Men carrying her along : By this time they are quite gone off with her.

*Boast.* Oh, my Child, a Rape ! Treason ! Thieves ! I'm plunder'd, get me my long Scimiter : Arm yourselves, and follow me. It must be these ravenous Caitiffs, these Dragoons. For the future I'll give no Quarter to any Thing in Red, tho' it be but a Maukin in a red Petticoat.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Gayford, Liddy, Aurelia, and  
*Recruits.*

*Aur.* Well, Captain, you see I've ventur'd to trust my self in your Hands. I hope you'll be tender of my Reputation.

*Gay.* To shew you, Madam, I design honourably, I intend to resign the Trust to the next Priest ; and I presume my Man has one ready by this Time.

*Aur.* Why you would not be so mad as marry me ?

*Gay.* Faith, but I will tho', Madam, the first Thing I do, if it be but to free you from Suspicion.

A I R

AIR XVIII. 'Twas within a Furlong;

Since you, my Dear, are kind,  
 And have all my Doubts remov'd ;  
 You soon shall know how truly,  
 How tenderly I lov'd :  
 If it be my happy Fate  
 To enjoy the married State,  
 With you, my Treasure ! O my Pleasure  
 Then will be compleat.  
 Let Rovers through Inconstancy  
 Their guilty Joys pursue ;  
 My Flame sincere and lasting  
 Shall ever be for you :  
 Then banish all Despair,  
 And bid adieu to Care ;  
 Love never ceasing,  
 Still increasing,  
 Shall attend my Fair.

*Aur.* And run the Hazard of having  
 ne'er a Groat with me ?

*Gay.* All Hazards, Madam, I am not  
 mercenary ; 'tis only your Person I covet.

*Aur.* Nay, since you are so generous,  
 Captain, I can't in Honour refuse going  
 along with you.

[ *Exeunt.*

G 2

*Enter*



*Enter Corporal.*

*Corp.* What a bloody cold Commission has my General sent me to execute ? But thus it is ; a Man can never be remarkable for Courage or Conduct, but immediately he's detach'd on the most difficult and dangerous Affairs. I suppose he hopes to gain the Victory without Bloodshed ; otherwise it's likely I should have commanded the main Body, and he staid with the reserved one : But, Thanks to my Boldness and Intrepidity, the thund'ring Cannon daunts not me : Fate cut me out for a Soldier.

A I R XIX. Miller of MANSFIELD.

*How merry a State does a Soldier possess,  
His Landlord to bilk, and his Wife to carress.  
On Assurance alone he dares boldly rely,  
And the stiff formal Modes of the great Ones* [ *desy.*

*What tho' Martial Rules if Obedience he lack  
Should licence a Cane to be laid on his Back ;  
Folks greater than he can as humbly obey,  
But alas ! all the Difference lies in the Pay*

*Methinks*

Methinks this Captain of mine stays long too ; I hope he has not deserted. I have often heard of Men running from their Colours ; but never of a Captain that run from his Company, except in a Battle. Zoons, what have we here ! This can't be our Army by their Lights. O Lord ! it's old 'Squire *Boastwit* ! What shall I do now ? My Heart fails me ; besides, there's no getting from them. Would I were in the Mouth of a Cannon in good earnest ( provided she were not charged ) to get rid of them. There's no Remedy left but Policy : I'll e'en counterfeit my self drunk.

*Enter Boastwit and Servants.*

*Boast.* Come along, I say ---- ha ! --- here's one of their Accomplices ; seize him, I charge ye ; if he refuses, knock him down.

*Corp.* Why, how now, Gentlemen----- no Incivility, I hope ---- you're late out to Night ; but 'tis fine Weather, and faith that made me be out too.

*Boast.* The Rogue has got drunk for Joy. Sirrah, I'll have you hang'd ; you have help'd to steal my Daughter.

*Corp.*

*Corp.* Good Lord, what a strange World this is ! *Your Daughter* ! Why now I never knew you had one.

*Boast.* Sirrah, confess where my Daughter is, or I'll have you put to the Torture.

*Corp.* If I must confess, I must --- But I would not have you credit me ; for by this [ *Hiccup.* ] ( Lord how my Stomach is loaded ) I know no more of her than I do of the Emperor of *Morocco*.

*Boast.* There's nothing to be done with this Rascal ; lock him up in the Coal-Place 'till he be sober ; and some of you follow me to the Captain's Quarters.

*Liddy crosses the Stage.*

*Serv.* See, Sir, where Mrs. *Liddy*, my young Lady's Woman goes.

*Boast.* Ha ! pursue the Baggage : I'll blow up the Town but I'll find them.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Re-enter Liddy running, meets Gayford and Aurelia.*

*Aur.* How now, Girl, what's the Matter ?

*Lid*



*Lid.* Oh, Madam, my old Master unluckily saw me as I was coming along, and has pursued me.

*Aur.* Well, my Heart never fail'd me 'till now.

*Gay.* Fear nothing, my dear *Aurelia*.

*Enter Boastwit and others.*

*Boast.* Ay, there he is ; seize him, I say.

*Gay.* Hold, Sir, I am prepared to receive you ; but before we proceed to Hostilities, let's parley a little.

*Boast.* No, Sir, you have violently ravish'd my Daughter from me ; and I will hear no Terms 'till she is surrender'd.

*Gay.* The first Article I except against ; for while I have her Consent, I resolve to maintain my Right and Title to her.

*Boast.* 'Tis false, she did not consent, would not consent ; you have got her away meely against her Inclinations.---  
Oh *Aurelia* ! *Aurelia* !

*Aur.* Alas, Sir, I was but one poor silly Maid amongst so many Men ; what could I do ?

*Boast.* I knew thou would'st not consent poor Girl, *Aur.*

*Aur.* Can you forgive me, Sir ? [ *Kneels.* ]

*Boast.* Ay, ay, I do forgive thee with all my Heart.

*Aur.* Then I must let you know, Sir, this naughty Man made me marry him.

*Boast.* Hey ! Married ! Oh, my Child ! I'll sue a Divorce : I'll trounce him thro' all the Courts in *Christendom* ; the Law shall do thee Right. Leave him, I say.

*Aur.* Alas, Sir, I dare not for my Honour's Sake consent to leave him now ; and, methinks, Sir, I begin to love him, and can't be very happy without him.

*Boast.* Are not you a vile Fellow to delude a poor Girl so ? But take her ; I won't give you Groat with her.

*Aur.* Nay, Sir, you were pleased to give me the Writings of my own Fortune, and he has got them from me too.

*Boast.* Ha ! am I over-reach'd then ? Let me think.---

*Lid.* Yes, Sir, the Family of the *Boast* wits is over-reach'd for once.

AIR XX Do not ask me Charming.

*Of Cunning never boast, Sir,  
 Since now 'tis plain your'e bit ;  
 You find it to your Cost, Sir,  
 'Tis wrong to brag of Wit.  
 'Tis wrong to brag, &c.*

*Boast.* Hold your Tongue, you Slut !  
 And, Sir, you are resolv'd to maintain  
 your Right and Title to my Daughter,  
 and her Fortune ?

*Gay.* As to her Fortune, Sir, I'll deliver  
 you the Deeds ; do with them what  
 you please, and still remain dependant.  
 But my dear *Aurelia* nothing shall divorce  
 from me.

*Boast.* Why, that's generously said ; I  
 begin to like him too. Down on your  
 Knees, you insinuating Rascal, and rise up  
 my Heir apparent.

*Gay.* This kind Surprise, Sir, brings a  
 double Welcome. Thus Fortune's still indulgent  
 to her Offspring, *Love* ; and hence  
 let Men give Way to Female Policy.

*For to our Shame it now must be confest,  
 Whate'er we think, a Woman's Wit is best.*

H

A I R



A I R XXI. Sure Marriage is a  
fine Thing.

G A Y.

My Joys are now compleated,  
And all my Fears are o'er ;  
Fal, la, la, &c.

Adieu Despair and Jealousy,  
You'll ne'er torment me more.  
Fal, la.

With Wit and Beauty thus adorned,  
How happy shall I be !  
And all my Care, my charming Fair,  
Shall be to pleasure thee. Fal.

A U R.

Since my Father has prov'd a kind,  
And my Lover been sincere ; Fal.  
I have nothing left to wish for,  
Nor ought I hope to fear. Fal.  
Tho' once I have offended,  
Pray, Sir, believe me still ;  
My future Time shall be employ'd,  
Always t'observe your Will. Fal.

L I D.

You've had your Pardon granted,  
But one I have to sue, Fal.

And

*And that is for the Poet,  
 Kind Gentlemen, to you, Fal.  
 He says, That if this Trifle,  
 Gives you the least Offence,  
 He'll to the Name of Author,  
 For ever quit Pretence, Fal.*

## BOAST.

*I have boasted of my Wit,  
 But alas ! it was in vain, Fal.  
 I'm afraid you'll think that Error,  
 I now pursue again. Fal.  
 Fair Ladies, to your Judgment,  
 I now submit my Cause ;  
 And at your Feet I cast myself,  
 For Censure, or Applause. Fal.*





A N

## EPILOGUE

On the CHARMS of

M O N E Y.

*THIS is a Charm that does command Mankind,  
 A greater Friend than this, you ne'er shall find.  
 On most Occasions this will surely ease ye ;  
 For if you've Money all Men strive to please ;  
 What will not powerful Money do, or undo ?  
 Money will make a Christian turn a Jew.  
 A staunch Fanatick for Money will turn Roman ;  
 And oft, too oft, makes Man turn to --- Woman :  
 For 'tis the Money makes so many Men miscarry ;  
 Pray pardon the Mistake --- I mean to marry.  
 Money is the old Paint for ugly Faces ;  
 If Celia's rich, she has a thousand Graces.  
 Though in her Face there's not one good Feature,  
 The Fops will cry, ---*

*Damme, Madam, You're an angelick Creature !*

*Money*



*Money will tempt an amorous Maid to sport ;*

*Money obtains a Friend in every Court.*

*The Rolls, Exchequer, King's Bench, Common-Pleas,*

*Nothing with the Lawyers can prevail like these.*

*Oh ! Miracles have been done by Golden Fees.*

*For Money Man and will toil and sweat ;*

*The Father will the Son, the Son the Father cheat :*

*And tho' in Party Arguments they rend and tear,*

*Both Whig and Tory in one Mind are here.*

*A mercenary Whore whom you have kept from starving,*

*When all your Money's gone, won't reimburse one farthing.*

*But, on the contrary, will strive to shun ye,*

*When, like a Fool, she has stript you of your Money :*

*But lest I'm tedious, and you shou'd think me rude,*

*With an old Tale briefly I'll conclude.*

*If wisely in our Hands the Cash we P,*

*Be sure that after us, the World will creep.*





